

HOLLYWOOD'S SENSATIONAL COWBOY STAR!



JIMMY
WAKELY

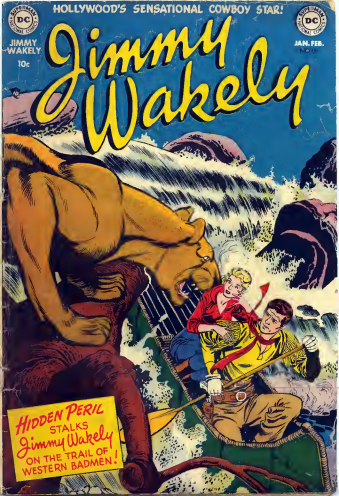
10c



JAN. FEB.
1938

Jimmy Wakely

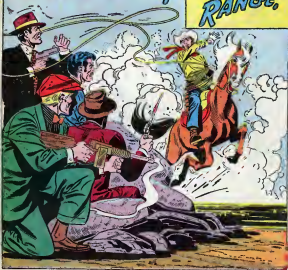
HIDDEN PERIL
STALKS
Jimmy Wakely
ON THE TRAIL OF
WESTERN BADMEN!



JIMMY WAKELY

JIMMY WAKELY WAS OUT-SHOT, OUT-DRUNK, AND OUT-ROPED THE PICK OF THE WEST'S DESPERADOS, BUT CAN EVEN THE FAMOUS CON-SIDERO COWBOY CAVALIER STAND UP AGAINST FOES FROM THE EAST WHO DISDAIN THE FINE POINTS OF SIX-GUNNERY IN FAVOR OF THE MORE MODERN AND DEVASTATING SUB-MACHINE GUN? THROUGH A SERIES OF GRIM CIRCUMSTANCES JIMMY FINDS HIMSELF ALMOST SINGLE-HANDLEDY FACING THE THREAT OF...

"TOMMYGUNS ON THE RANGE!"



JIMMY WAKELY, No. 15 Jan.-Feb., 1932. Published by Maxwell Glavin Publications, Inc., 492 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Written by Edward E. Benson as script, also written by J. M. Egan. The First Office at New York, N. Y. under the art of March 5, 1932. Yearly subscription in the U. S. & A. including postage (foreign, \$1.25) at American Post. For advertising rates contact Richard A.

Polson & Co., 108 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Editor contents copyrighted 1931 by Maxwell Glavin Publications, Inc. Except those who have indicated use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictional and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.



JIMMY WAKELY



ON LOCATION... JIMMY AND HIS CAMERAMAN-FAL FRID SEARS HEAD FOR AN ISOLATED SPOT TO GET JIMMY FROM IT ALL...

BANTHER GULCH HAS NO MONIES--NOT EVEN BADIES, JIMMY! IT'S REALLY CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD!

WONDERFUL, FRED, IF THE TOWNSFOLK DON'T SEE MONIES, I WON'T BE RECOGNIZED!



WE'LL BE ABLE TO HUNT AND FISH AND RELAX--WITH NO ONE TO BOTHER US!

ACCORDING TO OUR MAP THE TOWN IS CLOSE NOW!



SUDDENLY... AS THE ROAD CURVES AROUND THE MOUNTAIN...

WELCOME TO BANTHER GULCH! HE'S THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE! HAW! HAW! HAND OVER ALL YOUR CASH!

MARKED HIGH-NOONEN! WHEN THIS AREA IS WILD!



THERE GOES MY MONEY, JIMMY! I GUESS OUR VACATION IS OVER BEFORE IT STARTS!

TOO BAD! THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO HEAD ON HOME, WON'T YOU?

DON'T BE SAYS STRANGER! WE'LL TAKE YOUR DOUGH TOO!



WITH APPARENT OBEDIENCE, JIMMY'S HAND GOES BEHIND HIM...

I'LL HAVE TO REACH THIS HAND INTO MY BACK POCKET TO GET MY WALLET...

SEE THAT IT COMES OUT WITH THE WALLET...AND NOTHING ELSE!

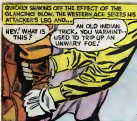


THEN--WITH THE CROOK'S EYES GLUED ON THE COWBOY ACE'S LEFT HAND, HIS RIGHT HAND MAKES A DEFT MOVE...

YOU WATCHED THE WRONG HAND, HOMBRE!

BOYS! THIS CRITTER IS TOO SMART!











SOMETHING CLICKS IN THE COWBOY ACE'S MEMORY AS HIS ALERT EYES PICK OUT A CERTAIN DETAIL...

WEARING GLOVES, SMITH? IT'S SURE A HOT NIGHT FOR GLOVES!

SHADDER! TELL 'EM IN THAT BOAT, BOYS!



AT THAT MOMENT...THE COMMOTION ON THE RIVER BANK HAS BROUGHT OUT SOME OF THE TOWNSFOLK...ALARMED AND CURIOUS...

THE RONNO BROTHERS AND SMITH? THERE UP TO SOMETHIN', I RECKON!

WE'VE ROUSED OUT A PEEK OF NOSY BONES, CHIEF!



AS THE TINY CRAFT WITH ITS TWO VICTIMS IS SET ADrift...

JIMMY! THAT NOISE—

CATARACT! DOWNHILL FALLS—IT'S A 300-FOOT DROP JUST BELOW HERE!



SWIFTLY, THE ARRIVALS ARE BROUGHT UNDER COMMANDING GUN NOZZLES...

WHY'LL WE DO WITH THESE NOSY BONES, CHIEF?

ROUND UP EVERYBODY IN TOWN! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WE'LL DO WITH THEM!



MEANWHILE...AS THE LITTLE BOAT DARTS WITH INCREASING SPEED TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE DEER...

HOW DO YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT A CHANCE, JIMMY?

THAT OVERHANGING COTTON-MOOD LIMB? I'LL TRY TO GRAB IT! IF I MAKE IT, GRAB MY LEGS AND HANDS ON!



STEEL-MUSCLED LEGS PROPEL THE COWBOY ACE UPWARD—HIS MANICLED HANDS CLAW AT THE LIMB...ALMOST SLIP...THEN GRIP AGAIN AS HIS FINGERS DO IN...

MADE IT! BUT CAN HE HOLD ON!

DON'T LOOK DOWN, FRED—OR YOU'LL GET DEEZ! KEEP HUGGING MY LEGS!





JIMMY WAKELY



HIGH BY INCH, THE
PEERLESS
STRENGTH OF
HOLLYWOOD'S
WESTERN STAR
EDGES THE PAIR
TOWARD SAFETY...

I SURE WOULDN'T
LIKE TO HAVE TO
DO THIS JOB EVERY
DAY IN THE WEEK!

HE'S A
MONSTER!

MOMENTS LATER...
OVER THE BANK...

GOLLY! I FIGURED
WE WERE DONE
FOR THAT TIME!

SOMEONE ELSE WILL BE
DONE FOR SOON AS WE
GET UNTIED. AND I
THINK I KNOW THE MONSTER'S
REAL HANDLE!

MEANWHILE, THE
COUNCIL OF REAL-
ESTATE WHITENOTS
ENJOY... IN THE DOWNS
CALADROSE...

WHEE YEA SWINDLERS ARE
GONNA TAKE OFF AN' LEAVE
US ALL LOCKED UP IN HERE!
BUT WE'LL STARVE...OR
DIE OF THIRST!

TOO BAD!
BUT I'VE
GOT TO
LOOK OUT
FOR MYSELF!

IT MAY BE MONTHS BEFORE THE
NEXT TRAVELER COMES TO EARTHIDE.
AN' BY THEN MY TRAIL'LL BE
COLD AS ICE - BECAUSE NOBODY
HERE WILL BE IN POSITION
TO TALK ABOUT ME, SEE?
LET'S GET MOVIN', BOYS!

BUT AS THE
CONVICT CREW
STARTS TO LEAVE
THE JAIL...

YOU VANDALS ARE IN THE
RIGHT PLACE! DON'T
TRY TO LEAVE!

WAKELY! CUT
HIM DOWN!



Advertisement

**JOHNNY
LUJACK**

Act Quarterback
Chicago Bears



What Sparks
a Champion
Sparks YOU!

and Champions
choose Wheaties!

ENERGY
DETACHED VIEW
OF WHEAT KERNEL



ENERGY

VITAMINS

THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills.

WHEATIES ENERGY
HELPS YOU CARRY THE
BALL AT WHATEVER
YOU DO!





JIMMY WAKELY

JIMMY WAKELY, HOLLYWOOD'S CONVOY CAVALIER, HAS FACED DOZENS OF SITUATIONS WHICH DEMANDED TRIGGER-FAST ACTION AND HAIR-RAISING DECISIONS! BUT WHEN THE CONVOY ACE TEARED UP WITH AN ECCENTRIC OLD GUNSMITH, HE EXPERIENCED THE MOST STARTLING CHALLENGE OF HIS CAREER! FOR IT QUICKLY BECAME CLEAR THAT WHERE EVERYONE ELSE FAILED, IT WAS UP TO HIM TO HALT THE TERROR OF...

The GUN KING of SUNDOWN CITY!

JIMMY, GET READY! THEY'RE COMIN'!

GUNPOWDER! IF THESE CRAZY WEAPONS OF YOURS DON'T WORK, WE'RE IN FOR IT!

WANTED!

JIMMY WAKELY RIDES INTO SUNDOWN CITY...

RIGHT PEACEFUL TOWN THEY'VE GOT HERE!



BUT THE NEXT MOMENT! ...

THAT BLAST OF GUNFIRE JUST MEAN TROUBLE, SONNY! LET'S INVESTIGATE!



AT THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING...

RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES! GUNPOWDER
GLAZED IS AT IT
AGAIN!

THERE'S ENOUGH LEAD
FLYING OUT OF THAT
SHOP TO FILL A SADDLE
BAG! GOT TO SHOP THE
— GUNS INSTEAD!

BANG!

CAUTIOUSLY, THE PARTING
COWBOY STAR INCHED
HIS WAY TOWARD THE
DOOR...

HOPE I CAN
CATCH THE
BADMAN
ONE GUARD!



AS JAWY REACHES THE LIGHT SOCKET...

BETH! GLAD THAT'S OVER! WHAT IS THIS CONTRAPTION, ANYWAY?

BY LATEST INVENTION! AN ELECTRIC MACHINE - GUN PISTOL! I RECKON I MISCALCULATED SOMEWHERE THOUGH -- IT JAMMED ON ME!

WHEW! GLAD THAT'S OVER! WHAT IS THE CONTRADICTION, ANYWAY?

BY LATEST INVENTION!
AN ELECTRIC MACHINE-
GUN PISTOL! I RECKON I
MISCALCULATED SOME-
WHERE THOUGH--IT
JAMMED ON ME!

SAY... THIS IS A RIGHTLY INTERESTING PIECE OF WORK!

COURSE IT IS! I HAVN'T SPENT THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN THIS SHOP FOR NOTHIN', NESTER! GOT GUNS THAT'D MAKE YOUR EYES BLINK!

"COURSE IT IS! AN'T
SPENT THE LAST FIFTY
YEARS IN THIS SHOP FOR
NOTHIN', WASTED! GOT
SUNG THAT'D RAKE
YOUR EYES BLINK!"

SUDDENLY, A GROUP OF ENRAGED CITIZENS BURSTS INTO THE SHOP...

BURPOUNDER! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE GOTTA WARN YUH NOT TO TINKER WITH NEWFANGLED GADGETS?!

A HANG'S GOT A RIGHT TO MAKE NEW FIZZLING IF HE WANTS! IT MAKES FOR BETTER PROTECTION!



SUNPOWER! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE GOT TO WARN YUH NOT TO TINGE WITH NEWFANGLED JACKETS?

A MAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO MAKE NEW FIREARMS IF HE WANTS! IT MAKES FOR BETTER PROTECTION!



WHILE THE GUNMEN BLAZE AWAY...

THESE ONLHOOTS ARE TO FLENDER GUNDOWN CITY WHILE IT'S DESERTED!

HE'S TOO QUICK! I-- I CAN'T GET AHEAD ON HIM!

FAN OUT, YUH BLIND BUZZARDS! FINISH WAKELY 'FORE HE RUNS EVERYTHING!

UNARMED HOLLYWOOD'S CONBOY ACE TAKES TO THE ROOFTOPS TO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS...

NO CHANCE TO CORRAL THOSE OUTLAWS WITH- OUT A GUN! I MUST BE DIRECTLY OVER THE GUNSMITH SHOP. THERE'S GUNPOWDER GATGS!

SLIGHTLY, THE AGILE CONBOY SLIPS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...

HOWDY, GUNPOWDER! HOW COME YOU DON'T LEAVE WITH THE OTHERS FOR THE CELEBRATION?

I WON'T GO WHERE FOLKS DON'T WANT ME, JIMMY!

YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT, FRIEND--THEY'RE KINDLY FOLKS! BUT LISTEN--THERE'S A PACK OF ONLHOOTS WHO MEAN TO ROB THE TOWN! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

YUH DON'T SAY! BY CRACKY... MY NEW FIREARMS WILL STOP 'EM DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS!

FURRELDY THE GUNSMITH OPENS A STORAGE CHEST...

HAVEN'T YOU A REGULAR SIX-SHOOTER IN THE SHOP, GUNPOWDER?

NO--BUT YOU'LL LIKE MY NEW INVENTIONS, JIMMY! YOU'LL SEE!

SHORTLY, THE OUTLAW GANG MOVES IN TO ROB GUNDOWN CITY...

LOOK! AM I SEEN? RIGHT?

YUPPER!

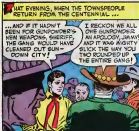
FIN PER IT!

POURB-LOADED RIFLE AT US!



THE STRANGE DUEL CONTINUES...





ADVERTISEMENT

RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT HAS A BED BUT NEVER SLEEPS AND A BANK BUT NEVER SAVES?

GIVE UP?
SEE BELOW!



WEAVER'S WEAVING

WHAT CANDY TREAT CAN YOU ALWAYS BANK ON FOR DEE-LICIOUS ENJOYMENT?

ANSWER...
Necco Wafers!



8 DELICIOUS FLAVORS!



JIMMY WAKELY



CRACKERJACK JOHNSON, THE LITTLE EDITOR OF WILLOW BEND, WAS HOOK-DEEP IN OUTLAW TROUBLE--AND JIMMY WAKELY, AMERICA'S CRACK COWBOY STAR, TOOK ON THE MAN-SIZED JOB OF DIGGING HIM OUT! IMMEDIATELY, THE HOLLYWOOD ACE FOUND HIMSELF A TARGET FOR OUTLAW VENGEANCE AS HE STROVE TO UNRAVE THE MYSTERY OF...

The BALLAD of BOULDER BLUFF!

Jimmy Wakely





THEN...
JIMMY WAKELY!
DON'T YUH
RECOGNIZE ME?

"CRACKERJACK"
JOHNSON--WILLOW
RUNS NEWS--
PAPER
EDITOR!



WHAT WERE YUH DOING,
RIGGED UP LIKE LOON
REEMS? A MAN
COULD GET HIM-
SELF KILLED
NIGHTY QUICK
THAT WAY!

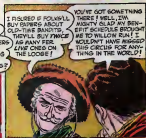
DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY,
DO YUH, JIMMY? TAKE
A LOOK-SEE AT THIS
POSTER I HAD ON MY
SACK! HANS GOT TO
PLUS HIS OWN BUSINESS,
DON'T HE?

LATER, AFTER JIMMY HAD ACCOMPANIED THE COLOR-
FUL LITTLE EDITOR TO HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE...



YUH SEE, JIMMY, MY PAPER
HASN'T SELLIN' WORTH A
WOOT TILL I STARTED
WRITIN' UP THE OUT-
LAWIN' W' PAPERSONKIN!
'EN! FOLKS LAUGH
BUT THEY BUY THE
PAPERS!

SUITE A STUNT,
"CRACKERJACK" BUT
THESE PICTURES ARE
ALL OF OLD-TIME KILLERS
WHO ARE DEAD NOW!
HOW'D YU START POININ'
LIVE OUTLAW--LIKE
LOON REEMS?



I FIGURED IF FOLKS'LL
BUY PAPERS ABOUT
OLD-TIME BANDITS,
THEY'LL BUY TWICE
AS MANY FOR
LIVE ONES ON
THE LOOSE!

YUH'VE GOT SOMETHING
THERE! WELL, I'M
NIGHTY GLAD MY BEN-
EFIT SCHEDULE BROUGHT
ME TO WILLOW RUN! I
WOULDN'T HAVE RIGGED
THIS CIRCUS FOR ANY-
THING IN THE WORLD!

SHORTLY, AFTER JIMMY HAD ACCEPTED "CRACKER-
JACK'S" INVITATION TO BUNK IN HIS ROOM ABOVE
THE OFFICE...



NEXT WEEK HE'S WRITING
UP THE SAGE'S RIVER KID!
THAT LITTLE GUTTER WAS
MORE SPUNK THAN A WILD-
CAT! JUST MORE HE'S NOT
JITIN' OFF MORE THAN
HE CAN CHEN!

DAYS LATER, AS THE FAMOUS SENSING COWBOY
APPEARED AT THE TOWN BENEFIT...



AND THE RED HOT CURE...
NOW TURNED TO BLUE...
BUT THE OLD REEMS OF
BOULDER BLUES...

THEY MOVED THE HILL, THERE
GOLDEN LIVERS...
BUT TEN BILLS NORTH OF
WILLOW RUN...

LOOK! IT'S
"CRACKER-
JACK"
JOHNSON!
HA, HA, HA!

'N' DRESSED
UP LIKE THE
SAGE'S
RIVER KID!





...SUDDENLY... BELOW, IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...



AND IN THE ROOM, ABOVE THE OFFICE ...



WH-WHAT--?

STEADY, "CRACKERJACK"! SOMEONE JUST DID HIS BEST TO BLAST YOU AND YOUR NEWSPAPER INTO OBIVION!

AS THE FMR INVESTIGATES THE BOMBED-OUT OFFICES ...

THEY SURE DID A BANG-UP JOB, JIMMY! I COULDN'T GET THIS PRESS BACK IN OPERATION IN A YEAR!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE STORY ON THE SAGE BRUSH AND YOU PLANNED ON PRINTING IN TOMORROW'S EDITION! THE TOWN'S FOLK WILL BE HERE SOON -- LET'S RUSH IT TO SOME PLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK!



SHORTLY, OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

...WHEN I JOINED THE SHERIFF'S POSSE TO TRACK DOWN THE SAGE BRUSH AND, HE SPLIT UP AT TWIN ROCKS! I INVESTIGATED A PATH TO THE LEFT! I FOUND SOME TRACKS AND TRACED THEM TO BOULDER BLUFF, WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS! THAT'S WHERE I LOST 'EM!

BOULDER BLUFF? ANNAH!



I'VE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT SMOKE OUT THE KILLER! YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE! REMEMBER, THIS OUTPOST IS STILL RUNNING FOR YOU, "CRACKERJACK"!

BECKON YU'RE RIGHT, JIMMY! GOOD LUCK!



LATER, BACK IN TOWN ...

IT'S A REAL BLON TO WILLOW TOWN!

YUP! WE'LL MISS THE OLD COOGER!

THEY THINK "CRACKERJACK" DIED IN THE EXPLOSION! ANNAH... THAT'LL FIT IN WITH MY PLAN!





JIMMY WAKELY



SHORTLY, JIMMY CONFRONTS THE TOWNSFOLK...

THIS IS THE STORY ON THE SAGE
RIVER KID "CRACKERJACK" WAS
PLANNING TO PUBLISH TODAY! I
THINK IT WOULD BE RIGHT PROPER
IF I ROPE UP TO BENTON CITY
AND HAD IT PRINTED UP--AS
A LAST REVENGEANCE
TO HIM!

WE'RE ALL
FOR IT,
JIMMY!



SUDDENLY, AS THE OUTLAWS OPEN FIRE...

THAT'S NOT WAKELY--
IT'S--A DUMMY!



I FIGURED I'D FIND
YOU CARBOOTS
BITING IN A BUSH
SOMEWHERE ALONG
THE TRAIL!



LATE THAT MORNING, ON THE TRAIL TO BENTON CITY...

ALL RIGHT,
BOYS! HERE'S OUR
TARGET! MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T MISS!
GET SET, NOW!

WE'LL DROP 'IM
SOON AS HE'S
IN RANGE,
SAGE
RIVER!



--GHH--!
WAKELY!

THAT'S WHY BONNY WAS CARRYING
THE "BUT"--WHILE I FOLLOWED
HIM ON ANOTHER ROUT!



THEN, AS THE CONVOY ACE DISMOUNTS AND APPROACHES THE OUTLAW...

"CRACKERJACK'S" PROPOSED
STORY ABOUT YOU SURE
SHOOK YOU OFF HIDING,
SAGE RIVER! WHY?



THERE'RE
OTHER WAYS OF
KILLIN' A PEST
LIKE YOU, WAKELY!

OFF BALANCE... JIMMY IS CAUGHT BY THE KILLER'S VICIOUS BLOW...

WHAT WOULD
IT REVEAL?

YOU'LL NEVER
LIVE TO FIND
OUT!





LUDDENLY, AS THE FINE BATTLE ONE ANOTHER...

THAT RED CLAY ON YOUR
ROOSTER... MUST MEAN YOU
AND YOUR GANG WERE IN
THE OLD MINE OUT AT
BOULDER BLUFF --
MYHAWK!

THAT'S WHY YOU
WERE AFRAID TO
HAVE "CANCER-
JACK'S" STORY
PRINTED!



YOU FIGURED ONE
THE OLD-TIMERS
MIGHT RECALL THE
ABANDONED MINE --
ISN'T THAT IT?

YEAH! AS WE'LL
CONTINUE LOOK IT FOR
A HIDEOUT AFTER I
TAKE CARE OF YOU,
WAKELY! *Ughh!*



LATER, AFTER THE GANG IS JAILED...

JIMMY, WHAT DID
YUH MEAN RED
DUST ON THE KIDS'
BOOTS AND THE
BALLAD OF BOULDER
BLUFF TOLD YUH
WHERE THE GANG
WAS HIDIN' OUT?

LISTEN,
CLOSELY!

AND THE BIG OLD
CLAY NOW TALKED
TO ME --
BEST TWO OLD MINE
OF BOULDER BLUFF --
THEY HOPED THE MINE
THEIR STORY WOULD --
JUST TEN MILES NORTH
OF WILLOW BUSH...



ADVERTISEMENT

SQUEEKIE!

NO SQUEAKY SHINE FOR ME
TONIGHT - MY HAIR'S A MOP!



IF MY H. LOADS
OF SUDS!



SHINES OUT WITH
JUST WATER! SHAMS
AS IT CLEANS!

AT THE
SQUARE
DANCE

NOW! WHAT
BEAUTIFUL
HAIR!

THANKS TO
WILDROOT
LIQUID CREAM
SHAMPOO!

